T.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

July [1906]

My Roger.

Here is Cooks letter.
keep it.
Your husband makes it
clear that you can come,
as far as fares are concerned.
So you want to come?
I think you must.
I dream of it all night.
Really it is worth while to
take a spirited view of the
future. Things are bound

to turn up.

Your husband seemed very
anxious for you to go.
We are in a great mess &
uproar; J. & A having green
spectacles & hammocks; &
family agreements needing
signatures, & Nina on top of it
all!
We dined with Nelly & Ld.
Bob last night, in the garden.
It was great fun.

NYPL

We go to London.

Our address is

Blo' Norton Hall.

East Harling

Thetford

Norfolk.

1906

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury

Lane End
Bank,
Friday.

Dear Violet,

I can't think why you condemn me to suffer so needlessly. Might'nt you have saved me 2 sleepless nights — if not 3 — by telling me straight out what Mrs. Haldane said of Haworth? Anyhow, you needn't have told me he was very severe; now you must send me the whole letter without delay, & put me out of my agony. Really I think I shall give up writing, or at any rate showing my things to other people: I only get criticism & abuse & no one thinks it necessary to be grateful. After all

I doubt ask Haldane to criticise me - at
x yet he thinks he has a right to be
very severe. Send on it on, anyhow,
how - severe or not.

how, also, in your next letter written
immediately on getting this, tell me if
Mrs Lyttelton thought me impertinent
for ~~asken~~ telling her to do what he
liked with my articles.
NYPL
There was a third command I had to
give, which I cant remember at this
moment.

If Haldane is severe, I shall give up
Literature & take to art. I am already
a draughtsman of great promise.
I draw for 2 hours every Evening
after dinner, & make copies of all Kinds

of pictures, which Nessa say show a very remarkable feeling for line. Pictures are eyes to understand the subtle literature, so I think I shall become an artist to the public, & keep my writing to myself. I am probably the only living person who can understand it. Bold politicians cant.

I am reading. Town life in 15 Century.
Mrs J.R. Green.
Life of William Morris.
Layard Nineveh.
History of Music
& not Weighty but Too Well by
Miss Rhoda Broughton —
also 2 bound volumes of the Windsor Magazine, which I hire for 2d a week a ridiculously cheap price. I have a whole bottle of amber coloured Barley Sugar which I bought for one Shilling, & Thoby has another of raspberry coloured Barley Sugar, & Nessa & Adrian have Tins of stuff called American Batter Toffee, & we all draw

up round the fire, & suck long sticks,
which gradually melt. How it their
aint luxury I should like to know
what is - especially when you have
been tramping six miles through bog
& dead leaves in the forest following
a huntsman's horn. Tholey &
Adrian rode for close on 12 hours
yesterday a hunting; & today they are
so stiff they crawl like tired dogs
when ever they move. By the way
I have just broken a tooth over a
bit of barley sugar, which will
rather spoil my looks.
Kitty writes very charming long letters -
not to me, I'm sorry to say. She
wouldn't tell me half a sentence in
one letter & leave me to wait 3
days for it to be finished. But
then I always did think Maxses
a superior race of people. My
tooth has just come out, & what
remains feels like a ruined castle.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

why do I waste so much paper & good ink - let alone my time a laying
it on, as the man says in Punch -
upon a quadruped - a long shanked
reptile, who puts me off with
half sheets left in the Ducal blotting
book? I am using my very best
paper too, which I reserve for the
peerage, as a rule. I have
written an article here, & done up
3 old articles which you have'nt
seen, which ought to do for Mrs L:
I had some thoughts of sending them
to you to see first - but I shant now.
I hope you mind that, but I'm afraid
it's not likely. Shall I
enclose the half of my tooth instead?
It is an interesting relic of better days,

I think you might like to have it mounted as a pin or a brooch, with a suitable inscription. It had a large stopping in one side of it. You shall have this too when it comes out. Eleanor's hired motor has been burnt as it was being cleaned. I am afraid this will stint their generosity, which has not been strikingly shown yet.

I am corresponding with a woman called Sheepshanks - what a good name for Jon - Violet Sheepshanks - who wishes me either to hold what she calls a 'Social Evening' or to teach English grammar!! I have had to tell her that I am not sociable, & I don't know any grammar. She lives in a Palace at Norwich, & I don't think my pleasables probably would suit.

I can't tell you what an impressibly bad woman I think you - so good bye, woman Sheepshanks.

This is the most important part of the letter. Have you [illegible] Can we work? We have rooms at Lowestoft 31st.

T.

August 9/11 1906

B6 Norton Hall
East Harling
Norfolk.

Saturday.

My Violet.

The difficulties of writing in this place are many. However, I must tell you first that we can provide any surplus you want. Thoby has left special instructions, at all costs, you are to be brought. Beside Vienna I are rolling like drunken sailors on the profits you

This is the most important letter I have written. After reading it you can walk? W[ednesday] morning & lounge away till 31st.

T. August 9/11

1906

Bb Norton Hall

East Harling

Norfolk.

Saturday.

My Violet.

The difficulties existing in this place are many. However, I must tell you first that we can provide any surplus you want. Thoby has left special instructions; at all costs you are to be brought. Besides Vanessa & I are rolling like drunken sailors on the profits you

Lady. That blessed Lyttelton takes
every word I write & corrects the
spelling
If only I had chosen a better moment
to write to you, I would describe
this place. Which now I shant
do. It is 300 years old, shaped
with oak bars inside, old
staircase, ancestral vats, & portraits:
there is a garden; & a moat.
You see people who can get houses
cheap: the station is 6 miles off,
& there is nothing to do. Vera

paint windmills in the afternoon, &
I tramp the country for miles with
a map, leap ditches, scale walls &
desecrate churches, making
beautiful brilliant stories every step of
the way. One is actually being-
as we speakers say - transferred to
paper at this moment. What might
mean by this letter was it: but it
isn't. Read your Guardian
carefully, & see if you find anything
about Henry James; the first week
he's coming with a head on it, will
tell you who wrote it. Nessa & I
have to go now & call on the Parson
and we haven't been inside the
Church, even to sight see.
This is a charming country, & even

beautiful; or rather against a we say
of thing that are long & attenuated
& more grotesque than shapely - because
their hearts are so good.
You will be off to Cornwall now.
I do envy you that; because it is
far the most Greek of any place in
England. That how we shall talk -
of roses & places. Thoby & St.
went yesterday, with hundreds of things
left undone. They are at Milan
now. We shall get post cards. Aunt
Sophie, the inspector Monte Carlo
Great Aunt, sends us a cutting up
about English travellers - brigands & how
we must pay ransoms. We read
Greek. Greek. all day long. I can
shout oaths, & the classical period, -
lament over unburied bodies. Do you
think that will come in useful! Write
for Tawny Devil.

NYPL

T.

Blo Norton Hall.
East Harling
Norfolk.

Aug. 24th. 1906

My Violet.

Your letter are as straggly as —
well comparisons are odious. But
it pon weighed my words — independently
of their meaning, you would find 6 3/5 in
measured it to be lunch!
of your letter go to one of mine. We've

Here I enjoy a kind of honeymoon,
interrupted it is true with horrible
guests. We have had 2 couples:
one is with us, & propose not to leave

us tell us we go - & there are moments
when it seems best to go. However
the poor thing only suffers from an
empty head, in which whims go
eddying all day long; & the Lord gave
her a good heart; so she isn't as
utterly damned as some of us.
I cannot write a letter here as the
Quaker would tell you if you dropped on
her now. To tell the truth, I can't
read my grandfather letters; because I
can't swallow her short cuts. (Lytellton
would correct that metaphor.) But
the Quaker has a well worn semi
religious vocabulary; left her by the
late Sir James, I think: & when she
talks of chaff & grain & gold & ore, &
winnowing feelings, & unwonted tendency
to go, & fielding to the light, &
bearing of fruit, I slip & slide & read
no more

We have had long letters from Shoby a
Adrian. They have drifted down the
Coast, which is full of unknown towns -
Roman ruins, & they landed at Cattaro,
& were going to ride in Montenegro.
They say it has been perfect; & the weather
like a cool English June. They will
ride for 10 days, & so to Corfu & Patras.
I begin to chafe to be off. This is
lovely old country, & I walk miles every
afternoon, & leap ditches, & wade rivers.
Still, it will be great fun to reach Europe,
& climb the Acropolis. I can't
settle to read Greek history & Antiquities,
so I shall make the scenery - infact the
atmosphere & the colour my job: after all,
I shd say, one doesn't come to Greece to
look at ruins. And what answer will
you have to that? And when you begin
about the school of Pheidias, I shall look
at the Sunset, & make you feel a Vulgar
Prig. However, I shant give away my

secrets any more. I have written 40
pages of manuscript since I came here:
that is about 3 a day, or rather more:
because, you see, one must leave out
Sundays. George is coming here
for Sunday: to impress upon us some
last cautions, I think. He is a
wonderful man. Aunt Mary very sad
Greece makes her think of Brigands & the
dreadful story of the year 1896. And
is 'that Miss Dickenson' going with you'
She didn't say that, but I felt it.
We haven't heard of Beatrice or of Nelly,
or any one for 3 weeks. But it is
great fun to live beneath the NYPL
sea as we do. Here, and the
Curators wives & villas portrayed gaily in
in spite of everything.
There are some masterpieces.
Do send them back if you remember;
because I have a penance, which consists in
reading my works over at intervals of 6
months.

H.A.D.

46. Gordon Sq.

Thursday night.

Dear Violet.

Your nephews & nieces do you credet. Ethy is as well as anyone can be who has typhoid, & his temp begins to come down, & all will go well. Old Nessa, jumping on to her weighing machine in a night gown - says the Dr. With a blush, scales 9.4. - so she has eaten put on 3 lbs since yesterday, & her weighing was wrong. The Dr. says she may cut off a week of her rest, & 2 weeks will see her resurrection. I need not say - after all our chastening interludes - you will remember them - that I look upon her convalescence but as another chance for defacing - or is it effacing - myself. So when you come to Gordon Square

NYPL

& eat the fatted pig you will just walk through
a cold mist, a little sharp upon the skin – which
with be me. How what news is there to break
the day upon? Surmising that you have passed a
sleepless night? Shall we say Love? If you
could put your hand & in that nest of fur
when my heart beats you would feel the thumps
of the steadiest organ in London – all beating for my
Violet. Sometimes, when I am ordering dinner, or
Emptying – a flower vase – a great tide runs
from my toe to my crown, which is the strength of you.
I have been talking nonsense; I only see
simple; I only see Nessa twice a day for 10 minutes.
She does not have visitors, or letters, but sits up in
bed, & writes with a tender pencil to Snow. The family
are all on a system, – have their hour. Beatrice
was somehow averted today; providence sent the rain
instead. I get postcards from the Quaker about 'cover'
Violet. How many people share you? I want to
lots with Mrs. Lyttelton. The world is singularly
purposeless without a friend to tell me how well I write;
of course I might have made a prettier sentence, but
I didn't. How few with you believe that I
am devoted to every hair, & every ridge & every hollow,
& every spot upon your body? How many letters
may I write to you? But they will pour, without any
word from you. Remember that few people have so
much responsibility as you do: it is ah your habit to
making friends. Walk with his tender nose,
& nuzzles you. VW.